

February, no
March 1st. 1896
9. P. M.

My Dearest,

I stayed home
from Kirk tonight as
it was drizzling a little
intending to spend the
evening with you; but I
found some one who
needed me more than
you did, and so to be loyal
to our true standard of
Christian helpfulness,
gave the evening to the boy,
Pierre Sletten.

He is a boy of 17,
without parents or home

He sleeps in the little
room next to mine &
takes his meals any where
I find his religious training
a minus quantity, &
all together he is a most
forlorn, disliked, green
youth, who needs a helping
hand most grievously, to
make a man of him.

They will not allow
him in the parlor because
he is so awkward, &
altogether the poor child
is smelted until he
makes my heart ache.
So, when they had all
gone to church, I called
him in to my room
to visit me, and have

talked to him, drawn him out,
showed him my pictures, & read
aloud to him all the evening as if
he were a most distinguished gentleman.
I have been dying to help that boy
ever since I came here, and have
just succeeded in beating down the
Farrers. He confided to me, that
his great ambition is, to be a doctor,
& I told him all about you &
your life and aims and you could
just see his poor chilled smothered
soul expanding under my words.

This morning Mrs Van &
I planned to meet at
St Andrew's Church to hear
Mallinson's choir & organ.
She did not appear at church
so after service Mallinson
would not hear to anything
till that I must stay &
go to dinner with him, so
I gave in, and we had a
really charming time.

The people have not
returned yet & "Pieris sits
beside me reading" John ^{Halliday}
as I write. I have got that
inestimable wedge in to his
young man hood - he has been
in the habit of reading most
unhealthy literature. Pray
for him, Darling, you & I together
his feet are so near the edge
and I want so to save him.

Yours in eternal love.

Courtney
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